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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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 see how YOU stand
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VOL. XVIII. HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1892. NO. 23.

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 WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.
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Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work at reasonable prices.

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 is a family affair—A requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

TUTT'S
Tiny Liver Pills
 Will relieve it and give health and happiness. They are worth a trial.

OPUM
 and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. R. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Office 100 1/2 Whitehall St.

A Family Affair
 Health for the Baby, Pleasure for the Parents, New Life for the Old Folks.

Hires'
Root Beer

THE GREAT
TEMPERANCE DRINK
 is a family affair—A requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN
 BY MAURICE THOMPSON
 CHAPTER XV.
 BY MOONLIGHT.



"He will kill you if he gets the chance."

Colonel Talbot became a frequent visitor at Rosalie's place, and his marked attentions to Rosalie might have attracted some notice from one less wrapped up in the young girl's happiness than Aunt Marguerite. As it was, however, almost every day saw him spend at least an hour in her company. He did not dream of being in love in her. He felt perfectly secure, knowing that he should marry Miss Fain within a few months; but he was perfectly conscious, all the same, that a sweet power was drawing him deeper and deeper into the rosy atmosphere that surrounded this mysterious mountain maid.

One evening, a short time after Edgar Julian's departure for Jacksonville, Rosalie sat alone on the Roosevelt veranda, lightly humming on her banjo, and singing broken snatches from one of the little French songs her father had taught her, when Colonel Talbot's baritone joined in. He had come through the little side gate and up the steps without attracting her attention.

She turned toward him, smiling sweetly, rising to greet him, still singing. When they were seated he begged her to go over the little tiny again. Their voices rose together in strange accord, and seemed to go away side by side into the realms of moonlight. She felt the tonic strength his presence gave to the scene, and it was a very pleasant and satisfying thing to sit there beside him. It delighted Rosalie to have him really falling into her moods and sharing her whims. She liked him all the more because she knew he was Miss Fain's lover. In her simplicity she felt that the man who was going to marry her best friend was in a position to make him quite dear to her.

Colonel Talbot was leaning his head close to hers as they sang. They were both unaware that a tall, dark man had stopped in the street, just beyond the courtyard wall, and was looking and listening through the gate.

The man clutched a slat of the gate as if to keep it, then turned and walked away with his very blood on fire. Colonel Talbot, as the singing came to an end, took the banjo from Rosalie and said:

"Let us go walking—this splendid moonlight makes an enchanted world of the city. I want to show you the loveliest spot under the sky."

"I shall have to ask Aunt Marguerite first," she answered. "If she says I may go, I shall be glad to take the turn. I have been indoors all day."

When she returned she had a light blue scarf over her head, and her face beamed the more brightly from the contrast. A few bright locks of her hair curled over her broad forehead.

"We are not going serenading," she said, taking the banjo and putting it on a chair; "aunt says I may not be gone longer than a half hour."

Rosalie hung lightly on Colonel Talbot's arm, feeling a deep sense of security, mingled with a girlish consciousness of the romantic possibilities of the situation. It must be remembered that she was fresh from the reading of stories full of knights and troubadours, of princes in disguise, and of lady loves for whom men gladly faced death. If she dreamed of a lover, she made him, in some sort, a champion sans peur et sans reproche. She would marry him who would win her by personal prowess directed by the fervor of romantic love; his nature must be lofty and his aims pure; he must be a Launcelot in bravery, a Bayard in honor. Many young girls have such a dream; but with Rosalie it was a hereditary trait, a part of her nature's fiber.

Talbot now and then passed low stoops where groups of people were enjoying the balmy breeze and the moonlight. He felt a keen satisfaction in thus having this fresh young girl all to himself, and it thrilled him to feel her light touch on his arm.

"But where is that lovely scene we were going to show me?" she demanded, just as they met a tall man, who, with a wide brimmed hat slouched over his face, was leisurely strolling in a direction opposite to theirs.

"Why, that—that was Mr. Ellis, was it not?" she asked in a whisper.

"I believe it was," he replied; "I could not see his face."

"But I thought he was in Jacksonville," she murmured.

He felt her arm quiver a little, and her voice was disturbed, as if with a pleasurable emotion. He felt a responsive pang leap through his own breast at the thought of any man save himself causing that tender flutter.

"We shall reach the spot I spoke of in a few moments now," he said, unconsciously quickening his pace and drawing her rapidly along.

At length they came to where a street had been temporarily walled across to prevent travel in it during the erection of some public improvement. Here Talbot paused, finding their further progress barred by the wall across the street.

"I suppose we shall have to forego the pleasure I promised," he said; "it would be a long way around."

"I think we might better go back, anyway," said Rosalie; "the half hour is already quite gone, I fear."

"Oh, no," declared Talbot; "it is impossible. We haven't been ten minutes coming." He looked at his watch, holding it in a spot of moonlight.

Rosalie had turned about and he could do nothing more than turn also. They were both quite surprised and glad that the man they had supposed to be Ellis had evidently followed them. He was standing, or rather he was in the act of turning away, not fifty feet from them.

Talbot and Rosalie looked at each other inquiringly as Ellis, if it was he, walked diagonally across the street at a rapid pace, soon hiding himself among the trees of a little park.

"Surely that was not Ellis," said Talbot; "he is a half surprised voice; he would not act so strangely."

"Let us return at once," said Rosalie with a shudder. A sudden sense of danger had almost overpowered her.

"Never fear," said Colonel Talbot; "no doubt the man means no harm; but if he were a robber he would not attempt anything in this part of the city."

She clung more closely now, and in a shaking voice urged him to take her home quickly. He thought her excitement the mere timidity of a young girl. If he had known all that she knew he would not have wondered at her emotion.

On their way back to the Roosevelt mansion they talked little. Rosalie hung heavily on his arm. When they reached the little gate he opened it; she passed through, and suddenly turning faced him in great excitement.

"What a scary you go home," she exclaimed in a sharp whisper; "he will kill you if he gets the chance. Her excitement and solicitude thrilled him strangely.

"Oh, there's no danger," he replied in a voice hoarse and unsteady. He had not dream of being in love in her. He felt perfectly secure, knowing that he should marry Miss Fain within a few months; but he was perfectly conscious, all the same, that a sweet power was drawing him deeper and deeper into the rosy atmosphere that surrounded this mysterious mountain maid.

He slowly strode toward his home, driving out of his mind Rosalie's words of warning. Suddenly a man confronted him. He stopped short.

"Is that you, Colonel Talbot?" said a voice, deep and husky, that he did not recognize.

"Yes, sir; what do you want?" he responded, gripping his cane and making ready to defend himself.

The figure moved, passing across a deck of moonlight. Talbot saw the face and instantly remembered it. The next moment something struck him on the head, a dull, heavy blow, and he fell upon the ground still and senseless. The figure stooped over him and hurriedly but coolly searched his pockets, until a paper was found, which it carefully examined, as if to be sure of its identity. Then it rapidly walked away.

The next morning the servants brought to Rosalie's place a rumor that Colonel Talbot had been found in the street dead, murdered by some unknown person. When the papers were brought in she obtained a full account. Colonel Talbot was not dead, but had been knocked senseless by a blow from a sandbag or some such instrument. His condition was extremely critical. It had been impossible, so far, to restore his consciousness, and no clue to the perpetrator of the foul deed had been discovered. The whole thing was veiled in mystery. No robbery had been committed. The colonel's magnificent gold watch and seal, and his pocketbook, containing a small sum of money, were left undisturbed on his person. He was without enemies, so far as the reporters could discover, and not the slightest reason for his assassination suggested itself, save that it was darkly hinted that political intrigue might have led to it. A certain carpetbag candidate for congress, who had been beaten, named by Talbot's exertions, was none too good, so the papers stated, to have done the deed, seeing that in his own state, Kansas, he had once been convicted of cow stealing!

The blow fell heavily on Mildred Fain. As days and weeks passed by with no change in Talbot's singular condition, she grew thin, and her face wore the look of one who has little left to care for. Rosalie witnessed her distress with a sympathy deepened and strangely colored by the knowledge she carried. She had told no one what she knew about the matter, and this secrecy preyed upon her. No doubt she would have told Mrs. Roosevelt had it not been for her aunt's deep-seated prejudice against Ellis. Then, too, circumstances had rendered the young man's guilt a matter of mystery, if not of serious doubt, in her mind. No one else seemed to suspect him, and in fact his presence in the city on the night of the crime was contradicted by his being on the day previous at Lexington, a town many miles south of the city, where he had an important meeting with railroad friends.

Rosalie often felt an impulse toward writing to Ellis, but quite as often she recoiled from the thought. She sometimes longed to see him and hear what he would say to the dreadful accusation; but she would start and tremble at the idea of talking with a murderer. The poor child—for in experience she was scarcely more—could do nothing save brood over this strange dark subject by day and dream of it by night. Mildred Fain came often to see her, and she aggravated rather than softened each other's distress.

Mrs. Roosevelt quickly noticed her niece's trouble, and after a little thought attributed it to a tender feeling on her part for Colonel Talbot. It would have pleased Aunt Marguerite very much, if Rosalie must marry, to see her become the wife of a representative southerner like Talbot. Of course she was not informed of his engagement with Miss

Fain, as it had not become public, and he was wealthy, of good family, handsome and fascinating. But Aunt Marguerite was so sure of a woman of the world to venture any meddling. She shrank from contemplating such a thing as Rosalie leaving her, even to marry a low country aristocrat, and she was afraid to have the subject of love considered between them, for fear that if once the thought got started it might never stop.

So Rosalie was left to bear the burden of her suspicions, her doubts, her fears, her hopes, all alone. It was a great load for a bright, innocent, unadorned mind to be weighed with, and it could not wholly drive out the gayety and sprightliness; it did not blot the roses and dimples from her cheeks, nor did it dim her eyes, but it hung like a cloud on the horizon, all the time threatening to overcast her whole sky.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT HERALD.]

With Their Backs to the Wall.
 (A Louisville Republic.)

In the stump speeches Mr. Harrison is making to head off the Blaine movement, he praises his magnanimity and that of his fellow Radicals in allowing the Southern people to "participate in a Government they attempted to overthrow."

Now, it is a matter of historical fact that the people of the South never attempted to overthrow the Government of the United States, but merely ceased participating in it. Instead of being "allowed to participate" they were driven back into participation in it after their lands had been laid waste and the flower of their people killed. But that is ancient history. They are participating now, and though a quarter of a century ago it required compulsion to make them do it, they are well satisfied now to go on participating, living in peace and neighborliness with everybody at every point of the compass.

The question now is of what Mr. Harrison and his fellow Radicals propose to do about it. If they are to control the Republican party, what will the Republican party do about it? If the Republican party is to control the country, what is the country to do about it?

We all know what the Radicals do about it when they had the power. They attempted to put the South forever between the deep sea of ignorant suffrage and the devil of Radical malignity. They believed that with the Radicals attacking in the front and the negro vote in its rear, the South would be kept forever subjugated and prostrate. But under Hayes, Garfield and Arthur the prostrate South sat up and wiped the blood out of its eyes. Under Cleveland it began to build factories and open mines on its battlefields. And see the Harrison Radicals declared it insufficiently reconverted. If these people open iron mines and factories they will be able to make cannon, said the Tullites; and so we had the Harrison Force bill and the call for more bayonets.

It is useless to talk to narrow-browed Puritan elders who think they are the Lord's anointed; who believe themselves predestined to make Puritanism the established religion in America; who are ready to back every Puritan idea with bayonets; but we ask any fair-minded Republican if the South has not suffered enough for its attempt to cease participating in the Government of the United States? It lost hundreds of millions of property; hundreds of thousands of its best men; it has paid and it is still paying hundreds of millions of dollars in indemnity taxes, and it is living from hand to mouth on 7-cent cotton.

What more do our Republican friends want? Do they wish to call for a million men again to kill off the white people of the South and turn the country over to the negroes? If they can nominate and re-elect Mr. Harrison they can do it as a matter of course. By superior forces of men, arms and money, the American white people of the South, the descendants of the Rebels of 1776, can be exterminated. There is no question of it. Nor is there any question of the necessity for exterminating them if the Radical programme is to be carried out. They cannot live in the South under the Radical policy, and there is nowhere else for them to go. They have their backs to the wall. There they must stand. There they will stand. Our Republican friends will hear from them neither whines nor threats, nor overtures of surrender to the Radical policy. They will never yield to it.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. But science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore it requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally and does not irritate the system. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

For the Blood. Catarrh, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

Notice to Bring Forward Claims.
 OHIO CIRCUIT COURT.
 W. A. GANTHER & son, et al., Plaintiffs.
 George Roberts, et al., Defendants.

All persons having claims against the Deafblind Coal Company, are hereby notified to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of said Court at his office in Hartford, Ky., in Ohio county, Kentucky, on or before the 10th day of June next, or they will be forever barred. This 5th day of May, 1892.

JOHN P. BARRETT,
 Commissioner of said Court.

Ripans Tablets relieve scrofula.

WAIL OF GHOSTS.

Sights and Sounds That Nightly Haunt Old Pilot Knob.

A Tragedy of the Long Ago That Lives in Gruesome Legend.

THE MOONSHINER'S DAUGHTER.

A Smithland, Ky., correspondent of the St. Louis Republic tells a gruesome tale of ghosts as follows:

Many years ago the writer taught in a little log school house far up the Cumberland river among the hills of Southwestern Kentucky. The legends of the neighborhood and the many ghost stories told by the natives years ago remain distinctly in my memory. There is a hill five miles from the Cumberland river, far above here, known as Pilot Knob, that, it is said, is haunted. A rocky crag that hangs far out from the hillside is known as "Crazy Brownlee's Crag."

William Brownlee was once the wealthiest man of that community, and it was he that jumped from the highest crag on Pilot Knob to certain death on the sharp rocks below. The story is a strange one and its truth is vouched for by the natives who lived in that vicinity upward of a quarter of a century ago. William Brownlee came to Pilot Knob a perfect stranger. He brought with him a baby less than one year old, a blue-eyed girl. The handsome stranger, as he was generally called by the natives, employed an old negro woman to take care of his baby girl, and he opened a small trading house under the rocky bluffs of Pilot Knob. He was highly educated and had the polish of a cultured gentleman. It was plain that his early surroundings had been of the best. He never spoke of his past life and no one ever asked him whence he came.

The wonderful learning of the stranger was common talk, and he was respected accordingly by the simple country folk among whom he chose to live. The years passed by and the blue-eyed girl grew up to beautiful womanhood. She was called Rose. "My beautiful Wild Rose," her father often called her when she returned from long jaunts among the rocks laden with wild flowers. Rose's early education was not neglected, and when she grew older she was sent to a boarding school out in the world, whence her father came. She graduated at an eastern college and returned to her father's home among the hills of Western Kentucky. She begged her father to give up his business in the back woods and return with her to the world. He had accumulated a competency, she argued, and they could live comfortably and happily in some small city in the East.

"A little while longer, my Wild Rose, and we will return to the world that I renounced twenty years ago," and Rose patiently waited for the time when her father would be willing to give up the home below the great bluffs.

There were frequent secret meetings held in the little country store, and Rose asked her father why he held those meetings with the rough men of the hill late at night.

"They are my men, Rose. We are moonshiners and I am their leader," he said, and the girl trembled at the thought that her father was the leader of a band of criminals.

"For your sake, Rose, I will leave here forever in a short time. Before heaven, though, I see no harm in making liquor of our products," he continued.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Educate the Children to High Ideals.
 [Harper's Bazar.]

We are too ready to impart instruction to children from low moods and on a low plane, because we do not ourselves habitually dwell in the latitude of the uplift. Motives of policy, of vanity, of seeming instead of being right, enter into our own lives, and alas! poison the lives of the little ones at the fountain. A grand life, a brave example, a splendid instance of fortitude, of self-abnegation, of courage against odds, is never in vain. It is an object-lesson that flames out from the sky, as the planet amid the host of lesser stars.

Remember these Books are offered you at prices you will not be able to get again. Don't delay—start a Library. Our cut rate prices on Pictures still hold good. Call and see them. They are Great Bargains.

W. E. & I. N. PARRISH:
 Cut Rate House for Bargains
 OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.

Whether it be an Arctic or an African explorer, the leader of a forlorn hope, the missionary living among the island lepers, or the army nurse, leaving home and luxury to minister to the wounded and soothe the dying, the noble ideal is uplifted before the eyes of those who are yet in the initial stages, and whose characters are not yet in the mould of destiny. This thought of the lofty ideal gives the chief value of our annual Decoration day, giving us pause amid the pomp and ease of peace, that we may think not of the pagantry of war, but of its sufferings, its fever and thirst, its rigors of cold and furnace heats, its weary marches, fierce battles, and the patriotism which alone condones its bitter woe and the morning that follows in its track.

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the hard cash of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood-purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but in your own mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one—standing solid and alone—sold on trial, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it doesn't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scurf—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.

IS YOUR NERVE SYSTEM?
 Or do you tremble and feel that you are breaking; that your nervous system is giving away? If you have a weak nervous system the very best thing you can do is to begin to-day using Dr. Hale's Household Tea. It is the finest Nerve Tonic known and will restore you to health and vigor. Get a free sample to-day at Williams, Bell & Co's drug store.

For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's "Bile Beans." It never fails for cure. For sale at W. Wayne Griffin & Co.

GOOD FOR 90 DAYS—CLOSING OUT
 Bargain Sale of Set Books!

CLOTH BINDING.

4 sets Dickens	15 vol.	\$ 7.50 for \$ 5.00
1 " Elliott	6	5.00 for 2.50
2 " Dickens	6	3.00 for 2.00
1 " Plutarch	3	3.50 for 2.25
1 " Bulwer	11	7.50 for 5.75
1 " Chambers's Encyc.	12	25.00 for 8.50
1 " Guizot's England	4	6.00 for 3.75
1 " Ruskin	12	11.00 for 7.00
1 " Bulwer	13	8.50 for 6.50
1 " Rollin's Anc. Hist.	4	4.00 for 2.50
1 " Hawthorne	4	2.00 for 1.00
1 " Smiles' Self Help	3	3.00 for 1.75
1 " Oliver Optic	4	5.00 for 3.75
1 " Knight's His. Eng.	8	7.00 for 4.75
1 " Thompson	4	4.25 for 2.50
1 " Black	7	12.00 for 7.50
1 " Good Society	4	4.00 for 2.25
1 " Library Gen. Inf.	4	4.00 for 2.25
1 " Gibbons' Decline	5	3.50 for 2.75
1 " Thackeray	10	5.00 for 3.75
3 " Green's Eng. People	4	3.50 for 2.25
4 " Macaulay's Essays	4	2.00 for 1.10
1 " McCarthy's Times	2	2.00 for 1.25
1 " Elliott	8	5.00 for 3.25
1 " Hugo	6	5.50 for 3.75
1 " Carlyle	13	9.00 for 6.00

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